

# Pose!

THE PICTURE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER  
35 CENTS

**ORGY** on the  
**RIVIERA**

PAGE 14

**LINDA  
CHRISTIAN**

**WORLD'S MOST  
EXPENSIVE  
DATE**

**180  
MINUTES  
OF LOVE**

**A PEEK BEHIND  
LOCKED DOORS**

**AFTER  
HOUR  
CLUBS**

**BIG  
BOOK  
BONUS**

*Ed Noon had an eye for a blonde and a...*  
**"BULLET FOR BIG NICK"**

By MICHAEL AVALLONE



# NEW DISCOVERY IN HYPNOTISM

shows how to hypnotize  
in 30 seconds!

Yes, an amazing new method has been developed to bring on quick, easy induction of the hypnotic trance. Now, for the first time, you too can benefit from this recent discovery in hypnotic induction.



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**EXCLUSIVELY**

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This book — which has been acclaimed by doctors and psychologists — is guaranteed to give you all the know-how necessary to induce the trance state in others. It not only explains the latest discoveries in hypnotic induction, but it shows step by step, move by move, exactly how to bring on the trance; how to transform the trance into deeper and still deeper states; and how to terminate the trance quickly and effectively without any dangers whatsoever. You are even given alternative methods, so that you can actually choose the one that suits you best.

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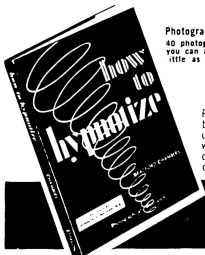
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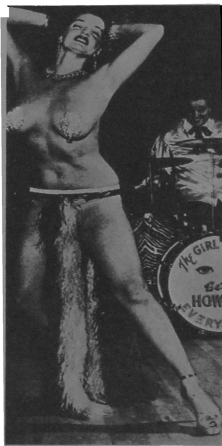


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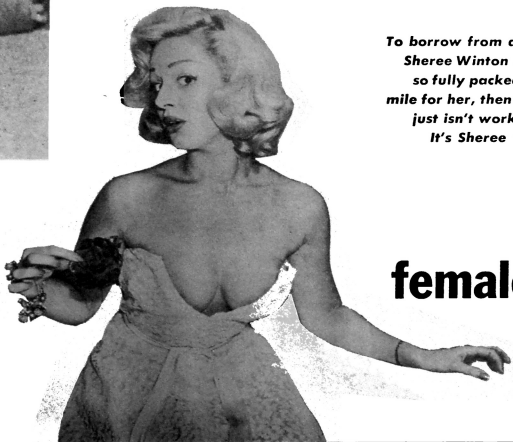
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*Winton* **looks good • like a**



**To borrow from another ciggie ad,  
Sheree Winton is so round, so firm,  
so fully packed. If you wouldn't walk a  
mile for her, then your cigarette lighter  
just isn't working. Light up, men!  
It's Sheree Winton for tonight.**



**female should**



We're sure you'd rather look at stunning Sherree.  
 No other commercial can make that statement.  
 She's wrapped better than most cigarettes anyway.

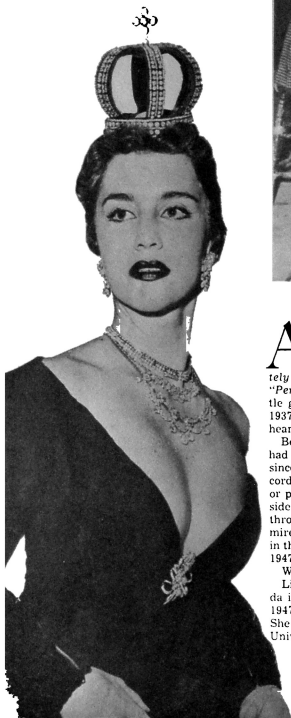




**LINDA CHRISTIAN**

**WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE DATE**

**Hall, Linda Queen Of The Ball. This beautiful lass has reigned supreme in a world where Beauty has a price. Tyrone Power was her first famous victim.**



A popular song begins with the lines . . . "A long time ago, a million years B.C., the best things in life were absolutely free . . ." The song is known as "Pennies From Heaven" and the little girl who heard the song first in 1937 and took the words exactly to heart was Linda Christian.

Because the fabulous Linda has had everything for nothing ever since the day she was born. No recorded history of any courtesan past or present will hold a candle alongside the fantastic life earnings through the admiration of male admirers, made by one Linda Christian in the last decade of her youth. Circa 1947-1957.

We gotta look at the files.

Linda was beautiful in 1947. Linda is Spanish for Beautiful. But in 1947, she wanted to be an actress. She couldn't act worth a nickel. Universal-International cast her in

a couple of jungle epics where her figure clad in tight leopard skins would offset her lack of Thespian qualities. Unhappily, the body of Linda could not make anyone forget the acting that went with it. "Slaves Of Babylon" was a major UI effort to sell her to the public. But it didn't work. She was a beautiful piece of property but she meant nothing at the box office. So the aspiring Linda, a Hollywood failure, went husband shopping.

Enter Tyrone Power. Miss Christian made headlines by snaring the handsomest movie star in the world. The complications of this marriage only made the story more newsworthy. Power's previous marriage to French movie star, Annabella, was negated by the Catholic church so that Ty and his Linda could be married like a King and Queen in Rome. Italy, with the blessings of the pa-

(Continued on page 65)



Edmund Purdom's falling star was drowned in a toast with Linda. While the famous lovely graced the race tracks to watch sportsman boy friend Portago win speed titles, he was killed. Millionaire "Baby" Pignatari got hooked.







# THE GIRL WHO WAS GOING NOWHERE

*She was deadly, no-good. A  
walking man-killer who took  
her men to terrible death!*

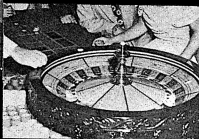
By Ron Morann

**"M**ADAM, you are an inveterate slut!" Captain Ephram Rogers, skipper of the schooner *Argus*, now two months out of Sydney, Australia, and bound for San Francisco with a cargo of wool, spat the words at the large, rawboned woman he had summoned to his cabin. Her rotund breasts, half-naked in the low-cut satin dress she wore, quivered flabbily as she shook with fear-mingled rage at the captain's pronouncement. "You sea-going prig!" she snorted after finding her voice. "You can't talk to a lady like that! I'm a passenger aboard this vermin-infested scow you call a ship!" "And your presence has been like a plague!" exclaimed the captain. "Two of my crew have come down with the filthy disease you carry in your body. Four

(Continued on page 66)



**"That's her record of the boys in her High School who have run the 1-minute mile."**



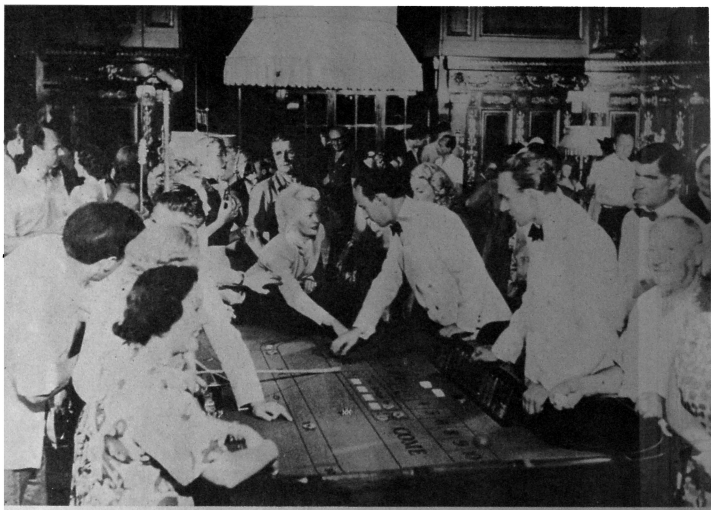
**ORGY**



**ON THE RIVIERA**



I'd been to see Dr. Ferris for the last time when he gave me the bad news. I'd suspected it I guess. When you're only thirty-nine and you tire easily and don't seem to have enough energy even to bowl a game, something has to be wrong. It was all right. Dr. Ferris was brief and to the point. I had heart murmur. A bad heart murmur. It was his professional opinion that if I didn't take it easy, I'd be dead before I was forty.



***Night after night, day after day, the excitement and mad whirl  
of women and games had him by the throat. It wasn't exactly what  
the doctor had ordered but—there wasn't enough time to care!***



I thanked him for his help and left his office in a daze. There I was, thirty-nine, unmarried, a bookkeeper of no distinction, doomed to 'taking it easy' for the rest of my life. I felt lousy. I felt half-dead already.

Small wonder that the poster hit me so hard. I was walking along Fifth Avenue — sleep-walking is more like it—when I saw the poster in the window of the Steamship Office. It hit me right between the eyes. A gaudy poster showing sun-

light and sand and a gorgeous girl in a Bikini frolicking on the Riviera. "COME TO THE ROMANTIC RIVIERA FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE."

I must have made up my mind right then and there because two hours later I had drawn my lifetime savings of \$3000.65 from National City Bank and rushed back to that Steamship Office to buy my passage. What was in the back of my head? To hell with the doctor, to hell with

taking it easy—I was going to enjoy myself before I died. That's what.

Three thousand bucks isn't a fortune but I had made up my mind I was going to have a season in the sun before my heart murmur killed me. Funny thing how bad news like that will make you do the damndest things.

The sailing took twelve days. The boat was wonderful. Good food. fresh salty air and clean living. But

(Continued on page 70 )

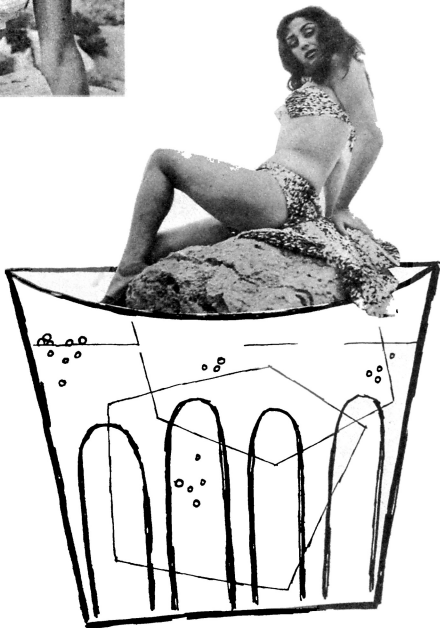






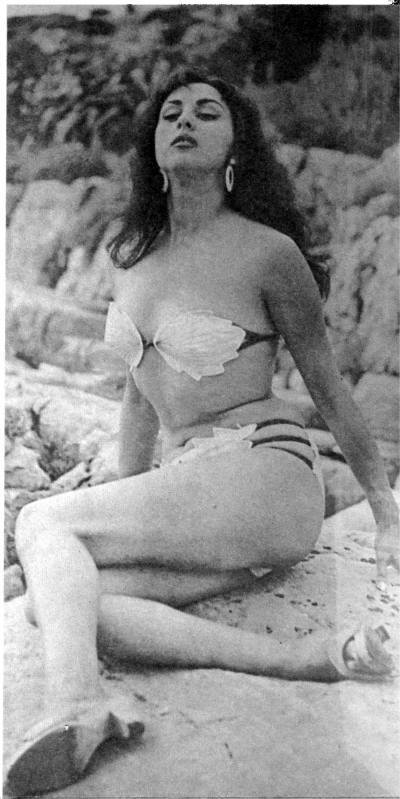
**Meet Maria Frau. Frau is German for "married woman." But Maria is the most unmarried looking woman to grace these pages in eons. A genuine Lili Marlene**

# Frau on the rocks





Maria rings the bell if your order calls for a tall,  
cool Miss of outstanding qualities. Come to think of  
it, Miss Frau could ring the bell and you'd come running.  
She's quite a belle herself, we're tolled . . .





## PICK-UP ON SIN STREET

***It was all my fault.  
I let myself get picked-up  
on a bad street.  
But I was lonely  
and hungry for a man—***

**M**Y NAME is Mary Riskind. What I'm going to tell you happened only because I was lonely. I knew being lonely was a bad thing but I never thought it would lead me to so much heartache and grief. And all because I was 19 and lonely. Lonely for a man. Same as any other young girl.

I wanted to get married and have a home like other girls I knew. But

you have to have fun too. So I was tired of going home everyday on the subway, tired of working in that crummy sales office, tired of having no one but my old mother for company in the evening. We live in the Bronx and that's real poison when you want to have fun. There's nothing to do but go to the movies or hang around the candy store. But the fellows there are all kids with-

(Continued on page 72 )

**BIG  
BOOK  
BONUS**  
By MICHAEL AVALLONE

# A BULLET FOR BIG NICK

***A good cop was dead.  
A bad crook was still alive Ed Noon  
had to do something about it.  
Especially when he saw Dolly Warren . . .***

**H**IS EYES were cold. Deadly cold. Like the eyes of a man hunter. The eyes of a killer. Right now, they matched the blue glint of the automatic leveled at Nick Torrento's boiled white shirt front.

Nick Torrento didn't scare easy. He was Big Nick, owner of his own night club and a mob ruler on the same plane with Al Capone. His small, black eyes glittered with contempt and the simple point that he hadn't raised his fat, ring-studded fingers from the desk top was just another display of scorn and hard callousness.

"What kinda amateur show is this, Eddie boy? I got enough entertainment for the Club right now."

Ed Noon moved slowly from the depths of the doorway, the .45 thrusting out from his lean waist.

"Evenin,' Nick." He spoke softly, unhurriedly. There was something grim about the set of his mouth, the coldness in his eyes, and the unwavering aim of the .45.

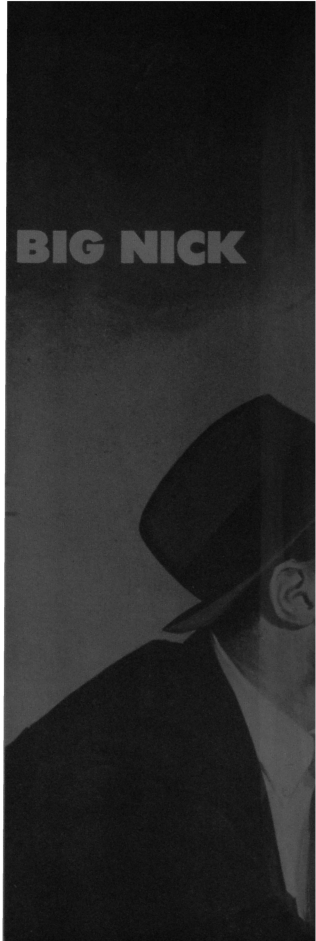
Big Nick eyed him shrewdly and rolled his cigar around to one corner of his moist, swab-lipped mouth. He grunted.

"How the hell did you get past Velvet? He never leaves my door. These monkeys of mine are getting careless."

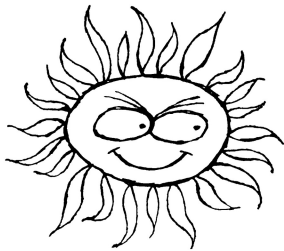
The intruder in the owner's private office of the Grotto Club sat down with the smoothness of a well-oiled spring.

"You've got a nice place here, Nick. Real nice." The words were clipped, even. Mere statements of fact.

(Continued on page 52)





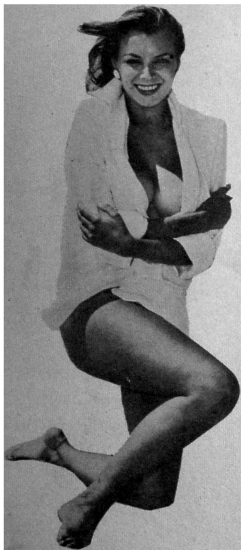


**the sun and**





# Simone



***Bathing beauties come and go but Simone Auger bids fair to hang around forever. Her smoldering good looks don't often come in combination with that well-scrubbed look. But look at the proof!***





Ogle, drool and look your fill !  
 When the gal is so well-endowed,  
 why settle for glances? Simone ,  
 is strutting her stuff for the  
 special benefit of POSE patrons.  
 We want it that way. And hope  
 you do too. Oui, oui, Simone . . .



# 180 MINUTES OF LOVE

**It was only a three-hour layover  
between plane flights.  
But he enjoyed what very few  
men have ever known . . .**

**J**OHN ATWOOD told me this story a little after he got back from Los Angeles. I could see it had bothered him for days and he had to tell somebody.

It was beginning to show on him. My neighbor is normally a smiling, cheery family man in his late thirties. But when he called me at the office to meet him for lunch, he sounded funny. You see, we both live out on the Island. Real chummy. Our kids even play together and our wives are really great friends now. But John had never really confided in me. Now looked like the time. When I met him at Sardi's he was nervous and drawn. Tiny lines around his eyes tipped me off that he hadn't been getting much sleep.

We made small talk over cocktails and he finally got around to what was bothering him.

"I've got to tell this to somebody," he said. He took a long pause and sighed. "I've had an affair."

I remember laughing. "Anybody I know?"

He frowned at me. "Don't make jokes. I love my wife. This is the first time in ten years I've ever looked at anybody else."

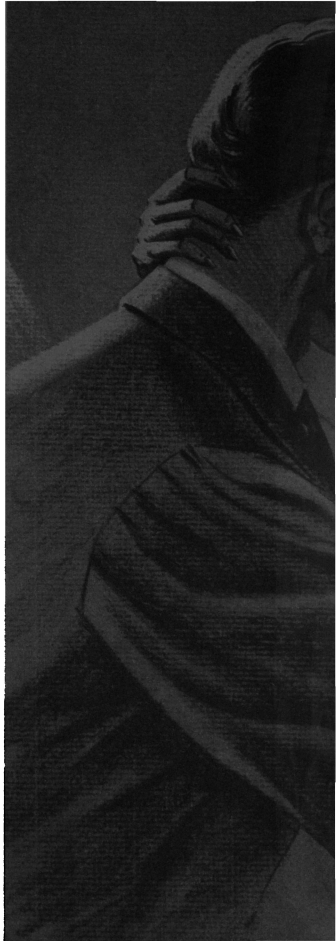
"I'm sorry." I could see there was more to the story and levity wasn't wanted. John obviously wanted to tell me all about it. "Happen on your trip?"

His eyes widened in surprise but he nodded.

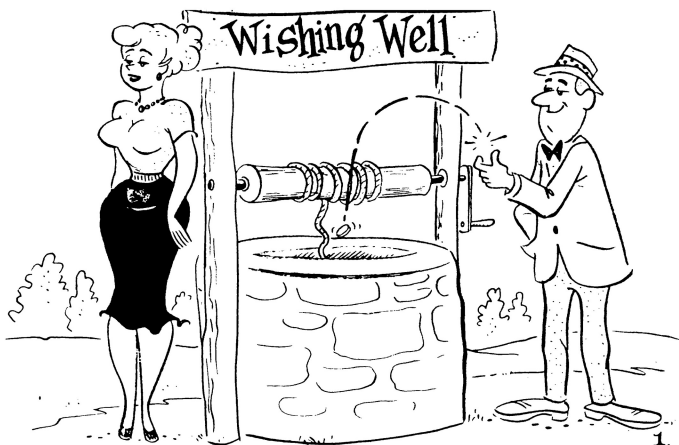
"Does it show that much? Lord—it was the most unique experience I've ever had in my life. It makes a married man wonder . . ."

"Tell me about it," I said and ordered two more

(Continued on page 75 )









**A PEEK BEHIND LOCKED DOORS**

# **AFTER-HOURS CLUBS**

*Everybody pretends they don't exist—  
but New York is honeycombed with  
the sin spots everybody needs to raise the roof!*



**E**VERY now and then the New York Police Department makes a big raid. The raid makes all the papers and in the morning subway rush hour, sleepy New Yorkers read of the padlocking of some infamous After-Hours Club where wild drinking, wild women and wilder sex activities are the order of the day. Usually the club had no real name, its location is never exactly given. "Somewhere on the lower West Side" or "located in the mid-Fifties" is all the address anyone is going to get. There is also a state-

**Gambling, loving are but two of the main attractions. The police, of course, are the main distraction. They raid as soon as they can. But nobody is really fooled. After-Hours clubs abound.**





ment from the Commissioner commending the whole force for a fine piece of police work. So the New Yorker wonders about such sinful places, is convinced his tax money is being properly used and goes to work shaking his head, his imagination aroused but not quite satisfied with the details in the papers.

Like the recent raid in the Bronx which uncovered an After-Hours Club that highlighted boozing, gambling and horseplay. The customers wore everything from fur coats to slacks. Women wore diamonds and even brought their pet poodles. But what was really accomplished by the police?

The sad truth of the matter is that After-Hours Clubs continue to flourish in Little Old New York. Manhattan especially is a honeycomb of such sin spots. You never hear of them because they don't advertise like Bal Tabarin or the Copa or the Latin Quarter. It's easy to understand why. The After-Hours Club is not interested in the patronage of John and Jane Average Citizen. John and Jane just don't have enough money.

(Continued on page 78 )





**GUYS GO  
DAFFY  
FOR THIS  
TYPE OF  
TAFFY**

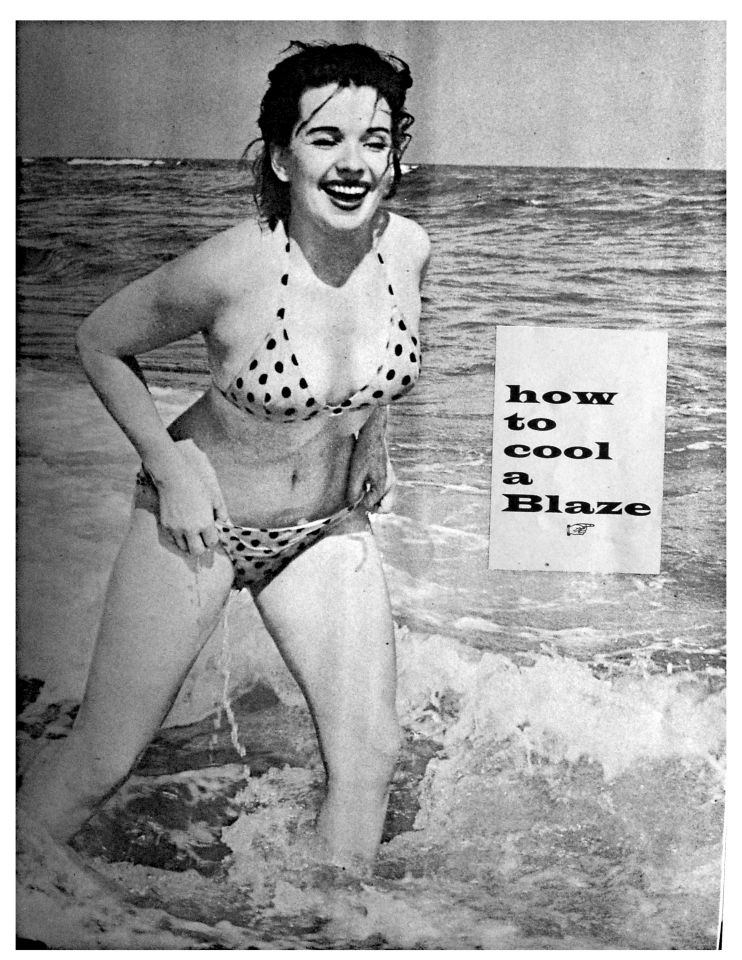


She's blonde, she's bombastic, she's  
Tantalizing Taffy O'Neill  
When it comes to high cards, she's  
sure to give you a good deal!  
Strip the deck and get ready for  
some action, fellows and men  
Taffy's all set to deal again!





There won't be a card game in the world to compare with the one that has Taffy sitting Queens High!



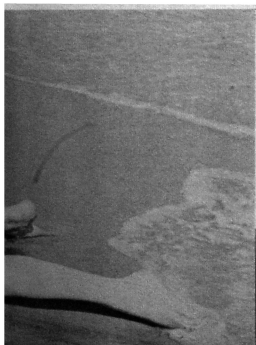
**how  
to  
cool  
a  
Blaze**







***My, my. All that sand and sunlight and  
Blaze Starr. The blockbusting stripper  
likes to sun and fun. A great idea when  
you can pair off with a sensation like  
Starr in polka-dots. Maybe, the dots  
aren't there at all. Fetch me my pith  
helmet, boys. The sun's too much . . .***



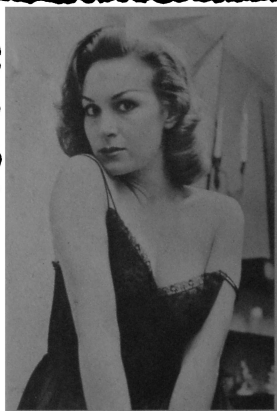


*Like to be on a faraway beach with Blaze? Only way to douse a blaze anyway. But this flaming redhead would make a pyromaniac out of a Cub Scout Leader. Burns us up.*

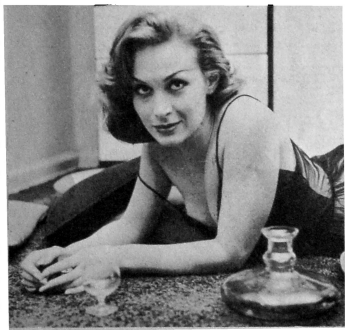
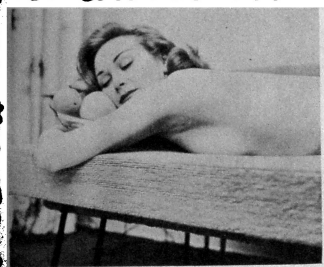




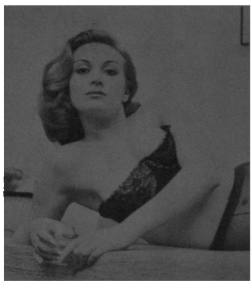
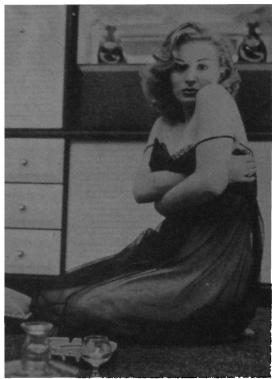
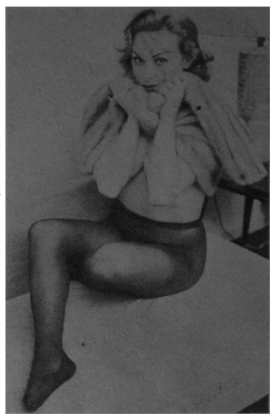
# My weekend with



# Gloria

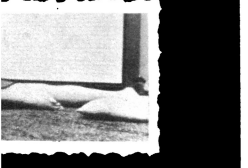
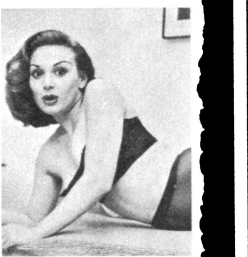


*She slept, drank  
smoked and had  
a great time ....*



*a swell gal...  
Real honey,  
and fun!!!!*





## Directory of Active Clubs

For your protection, to keep out undesirables, these clubs have agreed to co-operate with the Post Office Department. Their extensive advertising enables them to offer better service. Our clients include biggest advertisers in this field. If you are lonely—if life is passing you by—why not meet the sun halfway? **RALPH KELLY—Advertising** Aberdeen, Washington

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\*Special list service if you desire.  
\*CONFIDENTIAL — Always plain envelope. Your name will never be given out unless you tell us.  
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or **PAULA SOCIAL CLUB**  
216 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept 812 Chicago 6, Ill.  
or **PAULA SOCIAL CLUB**  
Box 2169  
Long Beach, California  
or **PAULA SOCIAL CLUB**  
210 Fifth Ave., Dept. 5 New York 10, New York  
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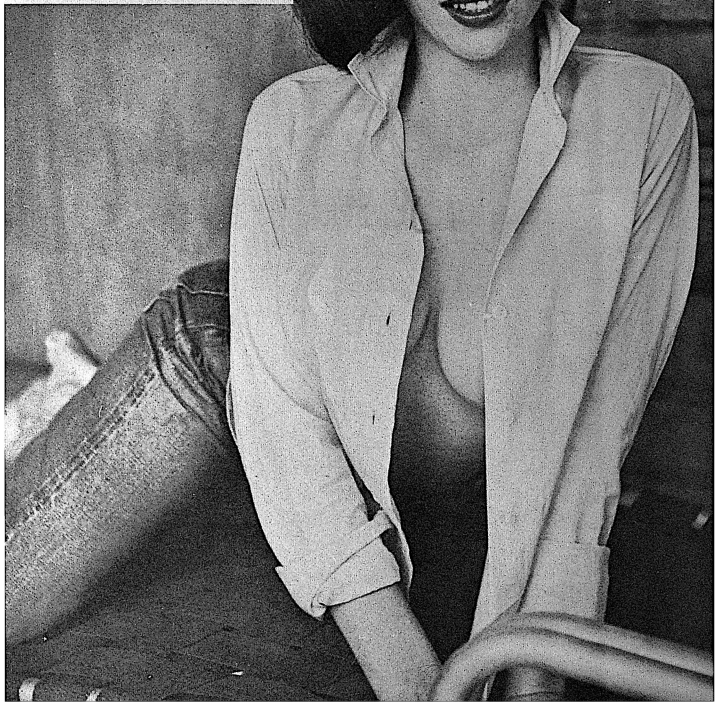
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\*\*\*\*\*

(Continued on page 47)

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wish to meet.



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are screaming  
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Send  
Money

Write us a letter telling us about yourself. Also send in above  
application. This offer will not be repeated if we can get  
enough men for our women.

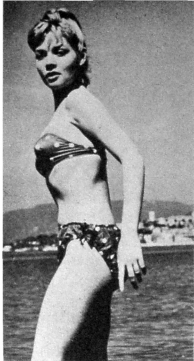
Remember our slogan:

*No Man Is Any Good  
Without a Woman*

HELP COMPANY CLUB

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*Lissome Lise Bourdin livens up the scenery along the sunny French Riviera*

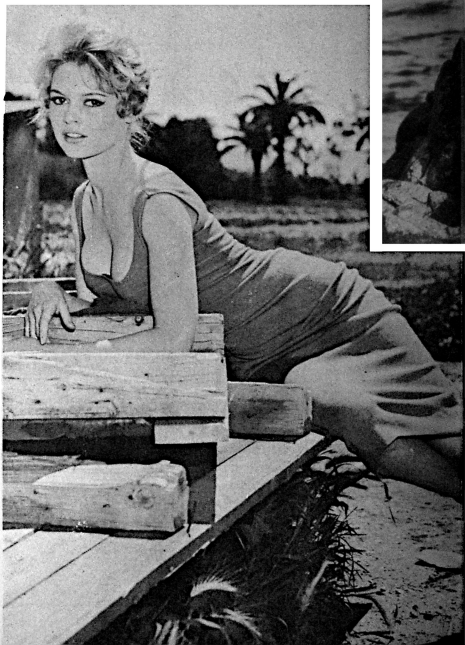
*Below: Jacqueline Fontel*



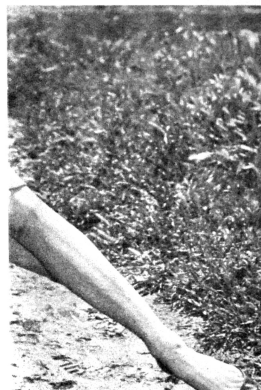
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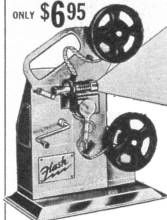






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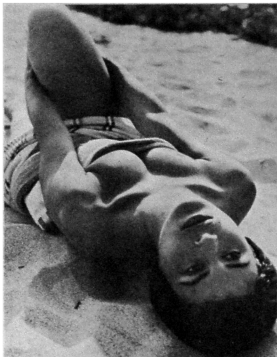
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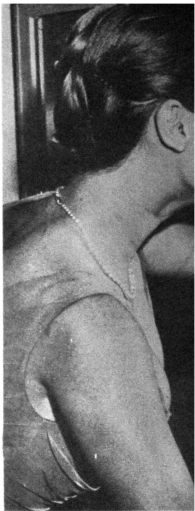
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Bobby Byrnes, lies on the sand  
And burns every man in the land.





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By Dr. I. E. HUTTON

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WRITTEN BY  
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In Plain Words  
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| Male and Female Sex Organs (Illustrated)         | Sex and Nerves                                      |
| Sex Sensation in Men; in Women                   | Joys of Perfect Mating Lead to Happier Married Life |
| Technique of Sex Intercourse                     | Sexual Self-Denial                                  |
| Sex Stimulation (Men; Women)                     | Relieving Sex Tension                               |
| Frequency of Intercourse                         | Sex Intercourse During Pregnancy; After Childbirth  |
| Zones of Sex Sensation                           | Menstruation and the Change of Life                 |
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| Sex Disappointments (Men; Women)                 | When a Baby Is Wanted                               |
| Sexual Failure                                   | Frigidity in Women                                  |
| Analysis of Sex Intercourse                      | Sex Starvation                                      |
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| Secrets of "Timing" the Climax                   | Feminine Hygiene                                    |
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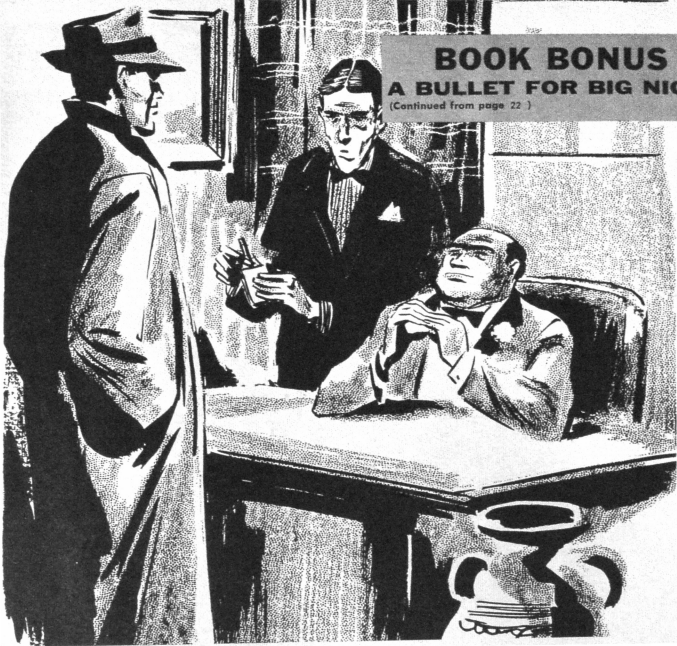
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## BOOK BONUS A BULLET FOR BIG NICK

(Continued from page 22)



"Can that soup, Ed," growled Nick. He had now reached the annoyance stage. "You didn't come here to tell me what a nice dump I got. You better explain that hardware you're pushing in my face before I press a lot of buttons that'll get you a lot of bruises."

Non didn't answer the threat directly. Suddenly, he jerked the slide of the .45, sending a shell into firing position. He had said plenty. Nick scowled, the angry furrows in his apish forehead deepening.

Noon smiled. "Big Nick, That's you. Ed Noon. That's me. If Mike

Peters was here, we could play a swell game of Twenty Questions."

"What are you tlling about, shamus?"

"I just came from the Police Morgue, Nick. You tell me. What's that poor kid now? Animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Oh, I get it now." The gambler leered. "Look, Ed. You can't pin that dead cop on this syndicate. We're legal. All through with the rough stuff." His tone was righteous with good will toward his fellow men.

Something stirred in the eyes of his unexpected caller.

"Now that's funny. Velvet gave me the same argument out in the hall. But when he tried to back it up with brass knuckles, I gave him the back of my hand."

Nick puffed on his cigar.

"Okay. You and Mike Peters was friends. He was a swell guy and the Department'll give him a swell funeral. But why blame me? If you hadn't quit the force six months ago for this private eyes stuff, you might have been with him on his last job and it might not have happened."

"I might have been. But I wasn't and it did happen. Which brings us

right up to date. Nick, we still have a gun on your belly in your own little cubbyhole."

Nick's office was large, sound-proofed and plushy. Just the type that everyone expects to exist in the rear of fancy night clubs. Only you never get to see them until you renege on a bet or your check bounces.

Nick leaned back in his chair, his little eyes squinting.

"What have you got in mind, Ed? This can cost you your license when I get in touch with my mouthpiece. So you better make it good."

The nose of the .45 inched closer. "You're on my mind, Nick. You hold more appeal for me than Cyd Charisse, right now."

"Yeah? What does that mean?" "Just this." Noon was standing again. "When I can pin this one on you, when I know for a fact that you killed that kid—there's one in here with your name on it." He tapped the barrel of the weapon with deadly conviction.

Nick's beefy face paled, then reddened to nearly match the heavy, carmine drapes behind his chair that blotted out the city's lights.

"Listen, punk!" He bounced to his feet. "Nobody tells Big Nick what they're going to do. He tells them! The next move is mine—" Swiftly, one huge paw shot out of sight behind the desk toward a concealed bracket of clock buzzers.

With no show of haste but lightning-bolt speed, Noon's gun hand chopped downward in a vicious arc. The .45's barrel crunched on flesh and bone.

Nick fell back with a howl of agony, clutching his damaged hand. Coming around to his chair, Noon poked the .45 at the base below the gambler's heavy chin and pushed.

"Feel it, Nick, feel it. Like Mike Peters did when your boys worked him over with their blackjacks. Couldn't you give him a bullet, Nick? One miserable slug! No, you had to pretty him up so they'd have a harder time identifying him. That wasn't nice, Nick. Not nice at all."

Nick Toronto strangled and swore, his black eyes wide open in fear and bewilderment. His tongue lolled.

"Ed-whaddya—" He gagged.

Noon reached down and dragged the bigger man to his feet. For a second, they stood eye to eye. Toronto, a fat, gasping portrait of the ignorant gangster made rich by a world of foolish suckers; Noon, a lean fighter on the side of the angels. Briefly, they regarded each other above the gun that separated

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them, separated their social standards. Only for an instant.

Noon's hard fist shot upward in a short powerful blow. The swivel chair swung madly with Torrent's suddenly deposited bulk.

He stared down at Big Nick with pitiless eyes. For a mad second, his finger tightened on the trigger of the .45. He shook his head to clear it of murder. The furious rage within him died down to a slow, burning fire.

"No, not now, big man," he whispered softly. "Later when I'm sure.

And when I am, I'll drive your hearsie right up to the front door."

The phone jangled noisily into life. He straightened with its sound and looked at it with momentary indecision. It rang again.

He reached it and deftly spun the receiver to his ear.

"Yeah?" He made his voice gruff and careless like Big Nick's. On a hunch.

"Nickie! I'm so glad you're in—it's me, Dolly. Nickie, I'm scared—" It was a girl's voice, soft yet hard with fear. He was at a loss until his card-

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file memory saved him. Dolly. Dolly Warren. The featured blues singer at the club. Nick's club, the Grotto. The lovely lady on the show case display outside.

He was stuck now so he went through with it. Just like Nick might say it.

"Yeah? I'm listening."

"Oh, Nickie. I'm just gettin' ready to come down to the Club for my number when I happen to look out the window and - Nickie - there's a man watchin' my place! I noticed him this mornin' too!" She wailed like a sick kid.

He thought fast. She was scared all right. He had heard fear before and she sounded like she had a solid dose.

"Stay put," he barked into the transmitter. "Be over with Velvet and the boys."

"Oh, Nickie -" She was moaning again. "Do you think it's got anythin' to do with killin' that copper-?"

"Shut up, you crazy canary!" That's the way Big Nick would have shut her up. Noon never knew how he managed to keep the elation out of his voice. Right in his lap. She hadn't said it all but she had said enough. Later, he'd make her sing her head off in front of the police.

Dolly Warren started to mumble half-frenzied apologies but he cut her off with a snarl. "Stay where you are. We're on our way."

His fingers were trembling when he put the phone down. He cursed and then laughed harshly. Mike Peters' murder had hit him harder than he thought.

He glided smoothly toward the door and eased through it after carefully checking the low-ceilinged, dimly lit corridor. He moved down the hall rapidly to the landing that led into the environs of the Grotto Club.

Velvet was exactly where he had left him. Manacled to the railing, midway from Nick's office. The strong-arm man's eyes glared at him above the gag wadded firmly in his jaws.

Noon retrieved his cuffs. Velvet tore at his gag in his mouth and Noon let him have it with the butt end of his gun. The tuxedoed bodyguard fell back without a whimper.

But his luck had changed. Coming up the steps on the dead run were a trio of shiny haired men who must have spotted the little scene from the floor below. One quick look was enough for Noon. They were Nick's boys and they were loaded for bear.

He raced back the way he had

come as a hoarse shout went up and gunfire ripped the palace of pleasure. Dropping to one knee, he snapped off a shot in their direction to discourage pursuit. It did. There was a mad scramble of dress suits for sections of safety.

Quickly, he flung himself at the frame of the large window at the far end of the hall. He had come in that way. It would serve as an exit, too. The alley was fifteen feet below.

He had one leg over the sill, firing without aim, when a stab of sound and flame centered itself in his left shoulder. The impact of the bullet sent him flying through the wide opening and he fell the rest of the way. But pain didn't halt the iron self-control he enforced on himself. He brought his feet under him and came down on them standing. Knives of agony shot up his body, reached his burning shoulder.

Turning with a grimace, he jerked another shot up to the window. Hugging the wall, he half-ran, half-dragged himself down the narrow alley.

He had finally stopped one. After years in the war and one police battle after the other, he had finally caught his bullet.

And at the worse possible time. When he was on his way to see Dolly Warren.

She was gorgeous. Very gorgeous. Milk skin, red mouth and dazzling blonde hair. But she was stupid too. He could see it in the rapid stare of her dull, off-color eyes. She had the door chained and it hung partly open in answer to his knock.

"Who are you? What do you want? I don't know you."

"Nick sent me, Dolly. About that call and the party outside your window." Noon fought to keep the pain out of his voice. His shoulder was a Dante's Inferno of hot, throbbing agony.

She had been drinking and she was too frightened to make an effort at thinking. Possibly, she was used to making strangers feel right at home. Or just making them.

The door swung in as she drew the chain lock. "You must be a new one. Come on in. I got the creeps I guess."

He followed her through a tiny, intimate hallway into one of the most expensively furnished rooms he had seen. There were rich, deep rugs all over the floor, fancy objet d'art cluttering every niche in the place. The extreme decor of the built-in bar was not lost on him in spite of his condition.



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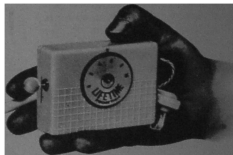
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She plumped down on a mountainous divan of fluffy cushions and poured herself a stiff drink from a chrome decanter that sounded half-empty.

Just like your head, sister, he thought. He looked at her as she swallowed her drink. She was watching him too over the rim of her glass.

"Where's Nick?" she snapped peevishly. "Why didn't he come? Like he said he would."

Noon managed a weak smile. "Cops paid him a visit. Routine stuff. So Nick had to hang around to answer some questions. After all, he isn't running a civic center, lady."

She sneered and her beautiful face suddenly wasn't beautiful.

"Funny man." Her face abruptly clouded. "You don't think their comin' had anything to do with — say, what did you say your name was?"

He sat down with a short laugh. He kept his right side to her so she couldn't see the un-natural way he was holding his other shoulder.

"Williams. Ted Williams. How about some of this joy juice?" He tapped the decanter so that it rung like a bell. She shrugged her bared shoulders and for the first time he was conscious of what she was wearing. A low-cut evening gown with a sash arrangement that accented her burlesque-queen hips. A very low-cut gown. He concluded it was the outfit she wore when she did her stuff at the Grotto Club. She didn't have to sing in a get-up like that.

He also concluded that she didn't know anything about baseball, the Boston Red Sox or anything. The sky might be the limit she was so stupid. Names meant nothing to her.

"I signed on with Nick last week. I like a big operator. And Nick's plenty big enough for me. I go for a guy who's not afraid of cops."

"Nick's not scared of nothin'." She nodded so hard her golden curls seemed to dance. "When one of those saps gets too close, he swats them like flies."

That was warm. Noon thought. Plenty warm.

"Just like this Peters copper. huh?"

"Just like that—" She stiffened and for a moment a flash of reasoning came into her blank, light blue eyes. It was gone just as quickly. Her fright had come back.

"Never mind that now. What about that guy beneath my window? Aint you goin' to go down and see who he is?"

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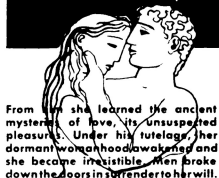
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He let his own eyes go blank. "What guy? Listen, I cased the joint coming in. If there was anybody there before, he's gone now."

"You're kiddin'—." She flounced to the window and peered through the fancy curtains. She whirled in disbelief. "He's gone! How do you like that? He's not there anymore. Ohhh."

He remained where he was.

"What's the matter, Gorgeous?"

She wrung her red-tipped fingers. "Nick'll beat my brains out for draggin' him up here on a wild goose chase. But I swear there was somebody there — oh, I need a drink."

She had two before she drew another breath. He watched her with cold amusement, keeping a tight

grin on his face to mask the dull throb in his bad shoulder.

Dolly Warren was pretty drunk now but he let the drinks settle a while longer.

"What's so funny, Dream Puss?" She flung it at him angrily.

"Just remembered a funny story a fellow told me the other day."

She sneered at him again and brushed the hair back from her face.

"Yeah? Well, don't you get funny. You're cute but I'm Nick's girl and he don't like nobody to get funny with me except him."

"Nick's a pretty funny guy himself." "Aint he though? Just like a big monkey." She ripped out a sudden throaty laugh. "You're sharp, Ted. Real sharp."

"It's nothing. Just my razor." She fell on the couch with a seizure of laughing. Deep-chested, gutty and hard laughter. He knew it for what it was. She was getting hysterical.

He gripped her soft arm at the elbow and squeezed the flesh gently. Sweat was beading his forehead now but he wasn't in any condition to notice. Her rich, red lips parted and the smell of the alcohol she had consumed sent a sharp feeling of dizziness over him. He shook it off with an effort.

"Nick's sharp too, Dolly. Nobody should ever cross Nick." He said it as if he couldn't understand how anyone would have the nerve to.

That sobered her up a bit. "You said it. Wait'll you're teamed up with him a while. You'll see."

"I don't have to be around that long, honey. I read what happened to that guy Peters."

"Peters?" She simpered. "That's different. He was a cop and on Nick's back. He got too close to Nick's policy racket. So—" She made a cute expression with her face and hands so that he had to fight to control himself. He could have cheerfully throttled her. Smashed that stupid beauty of hers that pouted over messy corpses.

"I need a drink." He wasn't making conversation anymore.

"Where's Nick?" She got up impatiently and rubbed her elbow with one slender hand. "Wait—we both need a refill. This waitin' drives you nuts." She swished over to the miniature bar and ducked behind its shiny back to rummage for something. Reappearing with a bottle, she filled their glasses to the brim at the bar.

Noon arched his back to ease the deadness in his arm. Slowly, he took

the automatic from his shoulder holster and pointed it at Dolly Warren. She was bringing the drinks back with drunken alacrity when she saw the .45.

Flinging her hands to her face, she let the glasses crash to the floor. The flush of intoxication and her natural bloom drained right out of her curved cheeks.

"Ohhh—" she said. "Sit down, sister. Make a noise and you don't sing at the Grotto anymore."

She sat down without a sound, her arms dangling without control, her soft body completely spent. Her vacant blue eyes got a shade darker. "You're not from Nick—" she moaned. "You're a cop!"

He shook his head. "No, Dolly. I'm the friend of a cop. A very dead cop. Mike Peters. Remember him, Dolly? He was a good looking boy before he met up with those blackjacks."

Half-mad with fear, she sagged on the divan, one long, lovely leg trailing to the floor. She stared at him, her eyes wide pools of fear.

"Whattya goin' to do with me? I didn't have nothin' to do with it. I tell you..."

He reached over and grabbed a handful of her luxuriant curls and yanked her to a sitting position. She gurgled with the pain of it and sat back gasping, her breasts heaving.

"Don't lie to me, Dolly," he gritted. "I want the whole rotten truth. Mike never would have gotten himself holed up in a dark alley like that unless a beautiful dish like you had arranged to meet him there. That was Mike's weakness. Beautiful dishes. The sap." He nearly sobbed. "But it's not mine."

She tried to clutch his gun hand in a burst of frenzy but his open, hard palm flicked once, twice and left her moaning again. Two angry streaks of red flamed in her cheeks.

"I want it now, Dolly. A full confession. It's that or this toy in my hand goes off."

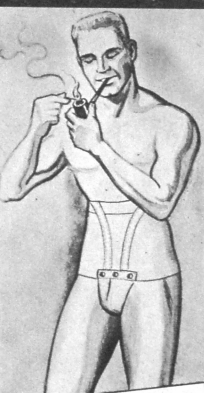
"Don't—" she blubbered. "Honest, you got me all wrong—I never—"

She halted suddenly and the swift flash of relief in her eyes made him freeze where he was. He didn't turn or bat an eyelash. Allowing his worn body to relax and his hand to lower, he waited.

"Don't move or you're a dead man," somebody behind him said. The door in the hall slammed shut violently.

Wearily, his hands spread and the automatic fell to the floor. There was nothing for him to do now. It

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wasn't his show anymore. He waited.

They moved into the room from the fancy foyer. Big Nick Torrento, a battered looking Velvet and another monkey whose face was new to him but his expression wasn't. They had their hats on and the pair flanking Big Nick also had guns. Both leveled in his direction.

Nick's face was a flabby mask of anger and Velvet was fairly licking his thin lips.

"Three to one, Nick?" Noon's voice was cheery with a brightness he was far from feeling. "It seems hardly enough."

"Get around don't you, Eddie boy? This was one hunch of mine that paid off. I was wondering what held up Dolly. Frisk him, Velvet."

Dolly sprang forward and fell into Nick's arms. "Ohhh Nickie. He hit me an' he was askin' me all kinds of questions."

They were all in front of him now and Noon was mentally comparing his chances to a Chinaman's in a Japanese heaven.

Nick was livid. "Rough stuff, is that it? You're a little too free with your hands, Eddie. Go ahead, Velvet."

He knew what was coming but he couldn't get out of the way.

Velvet, with poorly disguised elation, kneed him. He doubled up in agony. A hard fist came down behind his jaw. He fell heavily, the blood spinning in his head, red-hot rivets hammering his wounded shoulder. The point of something, it felt like one of Dolly Warren's high heeled weapons, dug into his side. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"Hold it. That's enough for now. For the time being anyway." The voice came somewhere from the dizzy heights above him. "Get some water, Dolly. I want to talk to this mug."

Water exploded into his face and he opened his eyes. Groaning, he raised himself to one knee and managed a grin through his tortured mouth.

"You boys really don't have to show me all this kindness—" he muttered. Velvet's big hands helped him the rest of the way and shoved him down on the divan. He stared up at them.

Nick had one of his fancy cigars going and his tiny eyes glittered with grudging admiration.

"You're tough, punk. I'll say that much for you. But I hate cops who get too close to me. Even ex-cops.

Big Nick is paying for your last ride, Ed."

"I figured that, Nick."

Velvet suddenly blurted. "He's got a hunk of lead in him now, Nick. The boys did better than they figured."

"See, shamus?" Nick's voice was full of pride in his organization. "Mess with the big boys and you get hurt."

"Mike Peters got hurt too, Nick." Blood, pain and the imminence of his own death couldn't stop him from saying it.

"Got a one track mind, haven't you? Yeah, Mike Peters. Your friend. He got close. Too close. So I pushed him out of the way. Dolly made that one easy. Once he caught her act, he was as good as dead."

Dolly tugged at his sleeve nervously. "Stop talkin' about it, will you? Get rid of this guy. I can't stand anymore of him. Gives me the creeps just to look at him."

Noon felt the blood pound in his skull. His left arm was now useless; like he'd slept on it all night. Only his bitter hate kept him awake. His hate and the picture of that poor kid lying in an alley with his face all caved in. That and this lovely, stupid wanton that had led him to an early grave with a kiss and a promise.

"I got news for you, Nick." It was his last card coming up. The only one left in a badly misplayed hand. "Mike died but he had his fun before he went."

Nick grunted and his eyes narrowed. "What does that mean?"

"Dolly gave him some laughs. Her own brand. Mike went out the way every red-blooded American boy would like to go when they die. One last fling with a beautiful dish."

He let that sink in and fought to clear his head. Forcing a smile, he winked. That too was startling to their single-gauge intellects. Wounded, beaten men just don't wink and tell jokes. Especially a man who is about to die.

Dolly paled. The color left her with the enormity of the lie. Not that she was any angel. But she was Nick Torrento's girl. Big Nick.

"Want Velvet to kiss you again, shamus?" Nick snarled. "Can that kind of talk! It won't buy you a thing."

"That's just it, Nick. It won't. So I'm telling you for nothing. Go ahead Ask her yourself."

The gambler's shoulders shrugged in contempt but Dolly had forced her way between their guns and glared down at Noon. Her blue eyes



"Isn't that your wife?"

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had tiny specks in them. Red specks of uncontrollable anger.

"You cheap no good excuse for a man! Sayin' things like that about me—" She moved in closer, her lithe body weaving in the evening gown. "I hope they burn you in oil. I hope they cut out your rotten tongue—"

It was what he had hoped for. Just for the splittest of split seconds, she was between him and them. Between him and the guns in their hands. It was the last chance of his life and he took it.

She was a bum but she was a woman. Still, it was no time for any

Emily Post nonsense.

His foot came up with all speed and force he could muster and with everything he had, with all the nerves and muscles in his body alive with pain, he rocketed her back the way she had come.

Her surprise and fright made



windmills of her arms so that she flailed at Velvet and his partner, her sudden weight spinning their guns to the floor. Nick started forward with a hoarse shout of warning, one meaty hand clawing at his coat pocket for a weapon. But his damaged hand made him slow.

Noon rolled to the carpet, his fingers closing fast on a sleek-barreled .38. He came up with it spitting fire and noise, a sense of mad triumph surging through him.

Velvet had retrieved his gun but not in time. He made a face and crumpled up like a wet newspaper as his crony scrambled desperately for the cover of the built-in bar. He had another gun now too. Noon could see it was his own .45.

Big Nick had grabbed Dolly and she squirmed in his arms as his meaning came home to her. They reeled in a curious dance of self-preservation as the hood behind the bar opened up with a crash of noise.

A slug tore a hole in the floor near Noon's leg as he maneuvered behind the divan. He propped himself on one elbow, took careful aim and squeezed. He fired three times, raking the front of the bar. There was a strangled cry of surprise and a pair of trousered legs flopped into view from one corner of the thin-walled bar. He had estimated its solidity perfectly. The hood hadn't.

Two, Noon thought. That's two. Now for the Big Cheese.

His eyes swung back to Dolly and Nick. Toward their struggling, contrasting figures. Dolly, beautiful and seductive in her strapless, skin-tight gown. Nick, massive and black in his full dress clothes. He cocked his gun, ready for the slightest opening. It never came.

The hall door was swinging inward again. There were men in plain-clothes, a flash of blue uniforms. Noon staggered erect as he spotted Lieutenant Drum.

But they had come too late also. For somebody.

There was a roar and a shot and the figures broke. A gun thudded to the floor in a sudden stillness. Big Nick Torrento stared at Dolly Warren foolishly, then looked down at the rapidly widening stain on his white shirt front. He giggled. A short bubbly giggle. He crawled to the floor slowly and curled up in a bulky heap at her silken feet.

The whites of Dolly Warren's eyes rolled up and her breathtaking figure sank down beside him.

That was all Noon saw because he fainted himself.

Dead away at the corner of the divan.

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They were alone in Drum's office when the red-headed, bright eyed Lieutenant of Detectives let him have it with official venom.

"You ex-cops are all alike! Think you can handle everything by yourselves. Why the hell didn't you tell our man Stone what you were up to. He'd been watching the dame's place since Peters got it. Did you think the Department was asleep on the job?"

Noon shrugged and shifted the clean, white sling on his arm.

"This was personal, Red. I thought you'd understand."

Drum's face got redder than his hair. "Sure, I understand. I've got some good friends too. But this was a Police case. And there are police methods in spite of your peculiar ideas on the subject. You should have known better. We had Toronto in mind too. Peters had been assigned to his policy racket to get the evidence that would put him where he belongs."

"I wasn't counting on Big Nick having time to use a smart lawyer. This was the only way, Red. I'm sorry Dolly Warren beat me to it."

"Be glad she didn't miss." Drum pounded the desk. "I oughta grab your license for this. As a former

member of the Police Department, you should have known better."

Noon stood up. His eyes were cold.

"Is that all, Lieutenant? My arm's starting to bother me."

Drum's freckled face broke into an exasperated smile.

"Ah, get the hell out of here. I never could talk any sense into you. Go ahead. Be a private cop, use a gun to win your argument but don't expect any help from me."

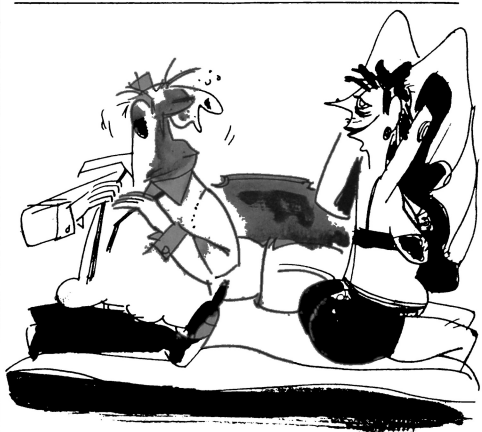
At the door, Noon turned. There was a glint in his eye.

"Red, I know vendettas went out with gaslight but this was one time I just couldn't turn the other cheek. If Big Nick were still alive, there'd still be a bullet for him. I don't give a damn about your feelings or the Department's feelings. I'd still want to deliver it."

Drum said nothing but his expression had softened. He reached into his desk drawer and came up with a bottle with a bright label. He drew two shot glasses from a cabinet.

"You intellectual gunman make me sick," he said. "Come on back here. Let's drink a toast. To a swell cop. Mike Peters. Your friend—and mine."

END



"How did a cute, nice little doll like you ever get into this kind of business?"



# LINDA CHRISTIAN \$\$\$\$

(Continued from page 10)



pal authorities. It was a wonderful, festive day and all Rome turned out for it. Linda was every inch a lovely, queen-like bride as she traipsed down the aisle. And when she and Ty drove off to their lush villa in the hills overlooking the city, it was a storybook marriage.

Storybook is right. Nothing but stories about lavish parties thrown by the Powers attended by every great name in the entertainment field. Stories about the fabulous portraits and statues of Linda overflowing the gardens and halls of the villa. Indeed it looked like Ty worshipped his bride. But insiders who knew the real story snickered.

Linda worshipped Linda — it was as simple as that.

More headlines flashed around the world showing pictures of the life-size nude statue of Linda that adorned the main garden of the villa. Of course, she had posed for it in the altogether. Of course, Ty didn't mind. "We're a sensible modern couple," she told the press of all nations.

Soon, the union of Tyrone Power and Linda Christian Power was blessed with a child. Romina Francesca, a bouncing girl. Then came Taryn. Another girl. And to all intents and purposes, the Powers had settled down.

But no. Ty moved out, the marriage fizzled and Linda came into her first big league earnings. Ty's alimony is something like three hundred thousand clams a year. Not bad for a starlet who didn't have enough on the ball to make B pictures, eh?

But what has she got? She must have something. Because she's been making nothing but headlines and money ever since.

There were boyfriends and Courts and Dukes and Earls and fancy presents for the gay Divorcee. So many that the entertainment world has lost count. But Linda was pinned down once so that John Q. Public could see for himself. In 1955, Ty Purdom, wife of the then-very-hot Edmund Purdom, whom MGM was trying to build into another Marlon

Brando sued her famous husband for divorce, naming Linda Christian as co-respondent. Linda was properly informative to the press. Yes, she loved Edmond. Yes, they were working something out. Yes, we have Ty's blessings. That was it. More headlines, more bitter recriminations. Months passed and the Purdom story passed into Linda's ancient history. She couldn't even stand the sight of him anymore. Meanwhile, she was traveling like the great lady she was, living like a queen and the children were growing.

And so were the admirers.

A tip-off on Linda's passion for great wealth is indicated by the intense zeal she displayed when she wore a million dollar's worth of jewelry for the Fontana Hosiery Show at the Little Club in New York. The jewels were dazzling and so was Linda. Wealth and Linda go hand in hand like Mutt and Jeff.

Maybe it's her great brunette beauty that does it. She's been photographed alongside the bust of Nefertite, the ancient Egyptian Queen, who was reputedly the most beautiful woman of all time. At the International Film Festival in Berlin, Linda has won acclaim as an International Charmer. Royalty has paid her homage and more than one blue-blood had had hot blood at sight of her.

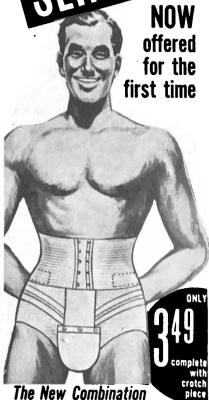
How does she do it?

The son of the famous Schlesinger millions bought her a diamond bracelet at Van Cleef and Arpels. Nobody knows why. But the resulting headlines became world gossip. Kid Schlesinger wouldn't pay up for the bracelet, Van Cleef and Arpels demanded their expensive dood-dad back but Linda Christian refused to return it. Like all sensible sensationally beautiful young ladies, she believed a gift is a gift and Schlesinger's default had nothing to do with her. Van Cleef and Arpels are still arguing the point with her though there has been more than one hint of a private settlement between the contending parties.

So while Ty continues to pay all-

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mony, Linda rolls on.

She crashed the newsfront again last year when she attended Italy's famous Mille Miglia and was present when her boy friend, the Marquis Afonso de Portago and his American co-driver crashed and were killed in a collision. Pictures of the fainting Linda and the bereaved Linda filled the papers. She fainted en route to the mortuary to identify his body. Tongues started wagging again. The more wealthy the boy friend, the more famous the vis-a-vis and that Christian girl was somewhere in the vicinity.

Her international fame increased with every newsworthy item. She even out-stripped the notorious Ava Gardner for European fun and frolics. Ava was just throwing wild parties and loving bullfighters. But Linda was making everybody dance to her tune. And an expensive tune it was.

The wealthy South American who picketed her hotel like a love-sick schoolboy and ordered presents and roses by the ton to win her favor has been the talk of society circles. What has this Christian damsel got that makes grown men, who can have their pick of women, behave like a bunch of knotheads over her?

Whatever it is, Linda seems to have lost any ideas she might have had about being a queen of the screen. Why should she? Stars have to work hard. This way, Linda doesn't have to work at all. And she has her pick of continents, worlds and men. Chinchilla, Mink, Russian Sable—her men have showered them on her.

There's no telling how far she can go at the rate she's been traveling. She's still in her early thirties, still beautiful, still loaded. And she's still getting money and gifts from the oddest places. Meanwhile, Mr. Power is still unloading all that wonderful alimony on her lovely back. She's got it made.

It would be no surprise if she turns up somewhere on the famous Trujillo gift list which already includes the likes of the Gabors and Kim Novak. For all we know, Trujillo Jr. may have given her Trinidad by this time.

Linda Christian is a special spawn of this gaudy society of ours when a girl with no talent-for-the-world can earn a fortune because she has a definite talent-for-rich-men.

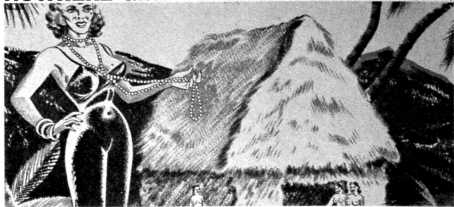
What has she got that makes her the World's Most Expensive Girl Friend?

AND ABOVE ALL—WHO'S NEXT?

E N D

## NOWHERE GIRL

(Continued from page 13)



more are in irons because they thought your cheap favors worth a fight. Another has turned thief to meet your price you demand for the feel of your foul flesh."

The woman angrily tossed back her flounced hair, which was hazily bleached blonde, and let loose a broadside of curses that would raise the eyebrows of a veteran seaman. But Captain Rogers ignored her invective and continued with his rabid indictment.

"When the authorities at Sydney said good riddance to the likes of you and put you aboard my ship, against my wishes, I made it clear I would stand for none of your pandering among my crew. You have disregarded my warning. Your presence has made discipline and shipboard routine impossible to maintain."

Captain Rogers stopped and stared hard at the woman. He wanted to see her reaction to his next words.

"I have decided to put you ashore at the next island we encounter."

"You'll do no such thing!" the woman screamed menacingly. "It's not human to do that to a lady! My fare was paid through to San Francisco! It's illegal! I'll kill you first!"

Word nearly became deed as she pulled a concealed stiletto from her lace-tipped sleeve and charged into the captain, slashing viciously at him. One swipe of the blade gashed his cheek. The blood was pouring over his beard by the time he managed to smash a fist into her face and drop her to the deck, where she lay, sobbing hysterically. Calling two crewmen into the cabin, Captain Rogers ordered them to drag her out and lock her in her quarters.

"She'll be right at home with the savages on Tongareva," he muttered. "Drag this painted animal out of here."

Four days later, on July 14, 1842,

a small dory was lowered over the side of the Argus. The three-masted schooner was moored in the blue water about half a mile off the white-sand shore of Tongareva Island, in the galaxy of South Pacific land specks called Polynesia. Captain Rogers stood by the rail as his crew escorted Nell Buckley into the dory and lowered away.

"May God have mercy on you," he called down to her as the boat started toward the beach with two sailors stroking at the oars.

"And may He damn you!" Nell yelled back at him.

Ten minutes later, she waded ashore with her carpetbag of silks and satins, her only worldly belongings, and watched the dory return to the Argus. For two hours she stood, until the schooner disappeared over the horizon, its white sails glistening in the tropical sun.

For the next two days, Nell Buckley remained on the beach, until hunger and thirst drove her into the palm-thatched jungle of Tongareva. In those lonely hours, lying afraid on the soft sand, she thought back on the train of events which led to her being stranded here on an obscure island in the vast Pacific Ocean.

Nell, though she looked older than her years, was only in her late twenties. Yet she had difficulty recalling her childhood in the slums of Manchester, England. There was, after all, so little she wanted to remember. Like many girls of her day, Nell had been put to work in a spinning mill before she was ten years old. From dawn to dusk, twelve hours a day, she had applied her child-hands to a loom. Looking down at her hand, she could still see some of the scars. Youth, to Nell, was a horror to be crushed out of memory.

There was but one thing sure in life as far as she was concerned — men were beasts, the natural ene-

mies of her sex. First there was her father, drunk most of the time and eager to beat her, who sold her into virtual slavery at the mill. Then there was her male overseers in the mill, lecherous and not above abusing her for a few pennies reward. At fifteen she ran away from Manchester to London and quickly learned the beasts were willing to spend more than a few pennies for the opportunity to vent their lust. Harlotry had paid well, and it wasn't a bad way of life after the fear and revulsion she felt were overcome.

Nell recalled the affair she had carried on with the lad named Richard. She couldn't even recall his last name, but his father had been wealthy and powerful in politics. So powerful, in fact, that when he found out about his son's debauching, he had Nell deported to Australia like a common criminal.

The waterfront of Sydney was wilder even than the fabled Barbary Coast of San Francisco that Nell had heard about from her seafaring clientel. The dregs of English society had settled in this part of Australia as an alternative to prison in the Mother Isle. Opium dens vied with bawd houses for the patronage of reveling seamen, desperate to shake off the monotony of months at sea. Nell had worked in Madame Greeley's emporium, one of the most notorious in that part of the world. There had been some two dozen girls in the establishment. The highest-paid had been specialists in one or another phase of their profession. The girl whom Nell had been closest to, known as Cairo Sue, worked with a pet dog instead of men while her half-caste maid passed the hat among the onlookers. Nell had been the only person to attend Cairo Sue's funeral. The dog had gone berserk and tore out his mistress' throat before he was stopped by a pistol shot from the audience.

When Madame Greeley found Nell was infected with the disease, she was banned from the house. Nell had managed to get along by walking the streets and making pick-ups, rolling the drunker of her customers. Occasionally she worked as an opium queen, lying nude in the dens as inspiration for the pipe-dreams of the smokers. It was when the authorities learned she had the disease that they deported her from Sydney. This was about the only reason a girl was ever exiled from the waterfront.

There was no remorse in Nell's recollections on the island beach. Only a thirst for vengeance against the

beasts called men who ravaged her and then tossed her away on this god-forsaken island. As she began to grope her way into the lush jungle in search of food and water, she swore another oath at Captain Ephram Rogers, then at each of the men she could call to memory. She couldn't remember their names, but saw their faces leering, smirking, contorted with raw lust, and cruel.

But, suddenly, the faces were not mere mental images. They were real, flesh and blood, and they surrounded her. She screamed in spite of herself, and the faces along with the trees and the sky and everything else blacked out.

When she regained consciousness, the faces of the men were still there, now looking down at her. They were not, however, the faces in her memory. They were not smirking, they were smiling with childlike concern. The faces, she realized with a start, were not like any she had seen before. These men were beardless and they had soft brown eyes and wavy black hair that cascaded down to tawny shoulders. She had seen pictures of the South Sea natives.

"I guess I fainted," she said, still not sure enough of herself to smile.

The native men stood in a ring about her. Then one bent over and offered food, a piece of fish. Nell tore at it ravenously and swallowed it before realizing it was uncooked. But it slaked her thirst as well as her hunger. Still wary of the natives' intentions, she cautiously got to her feet and said, "Where do you boys come from?" in the most professionally seductive tone she could muster.

As though they comprehended her strange words, they pointed the way through the jungle to their village. Nell picked up her carpetbag, straightened her skirts and fluffed her hair for effect. Their curiosity pleased her. The men obviously had never seen yellow hair before. "We'll get along just fine together, boys," she said with a lewd wink. "Now let's get a move on."

Until Nell Buckley's fateful arrival on Tongareva, the island was a typical South Seas paradise of the last century, untainted as yet by the corruption of civilization. The natives were like the gods' favorite children on earth, living in communal harmony and joy. All of nature's necessities were bountifully supplied by nature. The climate was sunny and warm by day, refreshingly cool by night. The handsome people of the island had no conception of such civilized facts of life as crime, jealousy, adultery or prostitution. There

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were no words for these things in  
 their language.

If a man wanted a woman, and the  
 woman wanted the man, that was all  
 there was to that on Tongareva. Re-  
 lations between the sexes were frank  
 healthy and unhindered by phony  
 taboos. This was the basis for a U-  
 topian existence, rather than a cause  
 for neurotic unhappiness as it so  
 often is in so-called civilized socie-  
 ties. Man and woman lived happily  
 on Tongareva - until the civilized  
 woman with her hate and twisted  
 morals and her disease was thrust  
 into the islanders' midst.

The natives welcomed her with  
 childlike hospitality. In their naivete,  
 they wondered at her insistence on  
 a separate hut of her own, set apart  
 from the rest of the village; at her  
 habit of bedecking herself in heavy  
 silks and satins while the other wo-  
 men of the island saw no need to  
 hide their lissome bodies from the  
 sun; at her anxiety when her sup-  
 ply of face-paint, as the natives called  
 her cosmetics, became exhausted.  
 They could not know these were the  
 symptoms of a scourge that would  
 soon turn their island Utopia into  
 a Hell - the scourge called civiliza-  
 tion.

The first of the islanders to be-  
 come infected was a pretty teenaged  
 girl, whom Nell nicknamed Lulu.  
 For the price of a few pieces of sham  
 jewelry from the white woman's  
 carpetbag, Lulu went to live in Nell's  
 hut as a handmaiden and language  
 tutor. Within a year, Nell was speak-  
 ing Tongarevan - and Lulu was deck-  
 ing herself out daily in the finery  
 of a waterfront strumpet.

Lulu was also learning a few  
 things from Nell. The young girl's  
 education got underway in earnest  
 one night after Nell discovered in  
 the naked embrace of her lover.

"Who is he?" Nell wanted to know.  
 "He is Katana," Lulu explained.  
 "I like him more than the others."

"So what?" exclaimed Nell. "Does  
 that mean you just give him any-  
 thing he wants, just like that? The  
 women in my country are wise.  
 They make a man pay for their bod-  
 ies."

"Why?" asked Lulu. "What is  
 there to pay for? Katana is not tak-  
 ing anything from me."

"Well, he needs you more than  
 you need him," said Nell, "and you're  
 a fool if you don't make the best of  
 the situation."

Nell's logic won out, perhaps be-  
 cause Lulu was fearful of antagon-  
 izing her mistress and losing the op-  
 portunity to drape herself in fancy  
 dress. With Nell showing her how,

Lulu soon had Katana dangling from  
 a taut string like a puppet. She de-  
 manded fresh fish and fruit from  
 him every time he suggested a tryst.  
 He was the first man on the island  
 who ever had to work in order to  
 fulfill one of his desires. His sub-  
 mission to Lulu's demands was the  
 first spark of the hellfire which  
 would soon ravage the island para-  
 dise.

Lulu's success with Katana was an  
 inspiration to Nell. She figured out  
 a method to become the richest and  
 most powerful woman on the island.  
 If her outlook on life had not be-  
 come so distorted, Nell would have  
 realized how vainglorious her am-  
 bition was, since all the islanders  
 had their needs satisfied merely for  
 the plucking. No millionaire could  
 get more from life than the natives  
 of Tongareva. Nell, however, in the  
 custom of civilized creatures, desired  
 more than her neighbor had. To  
 accomplish this end, she enlisted a  
 number of girls - the finest looking  
 on the island, those most popular  
 among the men - and established a  
 palm-thatched bordello on Tonga-  
 reva. It was erected by the men who  
 patronized Nell's girls, their labor  
 representing payment for services  
 rendered. The huge hut, separated  
 into cubicles by curtains woven of  
 palm fronds, stood on the shore of  
 the island opposite that of the village.

After Nell gave the girls her sales-  
 talk, with Lulu backing her up, they  
 willingly joined her cause. Their in-  
 stinct for greed, latent in all human  
 beings, had been fired by Nell's spiel.  
 They quickly learned what a sucker  
 was, realized this was what they had  
 been, that men had been taking ad-  
 vantage of them for too long.

"Make 'em pay," said Nell, and  
 the girls did.

At first, some of the Tongarevan  
 men rebelled at the idea. A few took  
 an oath to abstain from sex altogeth-  
 er; a great many began chasing  
 after the less comely belles of the  
 island who remained true to their  
 heritage in the village. Only a couple  
 of months of doing without and do-  
 ing with less, however, changed their  
 attitude toward Nell's girls.

When Nell herself decided to go  
 into the cubicles with male callers,  
 business boomed. The novelty of  
 white woman-flesh was worth a  
 handsome price by island standards  
 - a dozen fresh-caught fish, perhaps,  
 or a tame parrot, or more coconuts  
 than a man could carry or several  
 coconut shells full of the fruit's fer-  
 mented milk. Wild orgies often ex-  
 ploded in the hut after everyone had  
 their fill of the intoxicating brew

collected by the girls as payment.

The village elders were appalled at the goings-on across the island. They preached incessantly about the evil white woman and her black powers. The young bucks in the village, however, suddenly addicted to the much more exciting forms of eroticism introduced by Nell Buckley, only ridiculed the warnings of the elders.

Then a strange thing took place. The men who had laid down with Nell became afflicted with strange sores on their bodies -- hideous cankers that exuded a river of pus. Venereal disease spread across the island like a plague sent down by a wrathful god.

That was what the elders preached. "The gods have cursed our island," they declared. "They have sent the white woman as an instrument of vengeance. And the white woman has taken the cream of our young girls and made them her lieutenants. And now our young men are afflicted with disease. Tongareva is doomed."

It was true. The next ship that arrived at the island, the schooner Archangel of Wellington, New Zealand, found the natives succumbing in huge numbers to the disease. The lucky ones had died, or killed themselves. Others, not so lucky, had become madmen. Dozens of blind children, born of infected mothers, were groping about the decimated village. The population had been halved. There was no happiness on the island any longer.

The Archangel dropped anchor off Tongareva because its skipper, Captain Thomas Granger, was curious about the fate of Nell Buckley. He had been Captain Ephram Rogers' 13-year-old cabin boy when Nell was put ashore on the island. It was 30 years later, on May 15, 1872, before Granger could bring a ship under his own command back to Tongareva.

The story of Nell Buckley comes from his diary. She had been kind to him, he reports, when she was aboard the Argus, and it was then she told him of her past history in England and Australia. The rest of the story he got from the natives of Tongareva.

"I saw the large hut where Nell and her girls had their terrible sport with the men of the island," he wrote. "All the girls, and Nell, too, have passed away from the Social Disease. The natives, as much as they grew to hate her, did her no bodily harm. They thought she was the agent of an angry god. They were afraid to

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lift a hand against her.

"Nell, I have been told was completely insane for the last three or four years of her life. On several occasions she attacked young boys, ambushing them in the jungle where she roamed, and emasculating them viciously.

"The chief of the village was the only man with enough courage to show me where Nell's remains are lying. No one bothered to bury her.

Her bones are on the jungle floor where she fell. I felt it fitting that they stay like that, since burial would serve no practical purpose now. Before leaving the island, I had the ship's carpenter fashion a cross which I set in the ground by her skull.

"May she rest in peace and, as Captain Rogers said long ago, may God have mercy on her."

END



## RIVIERA ORGY

(Continued from page 17)

the trip was dull as dish water. I had bought all new clothes and luggage. I was splurging. Trying to lose my old, dull identity of George Barnes, Bookkeeper Have Heart Murmur, Will Travel. But it didn't work right away. I was tense and tired, still worrying about my heart. The trip did nothing to relieve my feelings. I met no beautiful women out for thrills, no interesting divorcees or foreign beauties of exotic origin. I began to wonder about the posters and the ads about the "excitement of travel."

But little did I know.

My first day on the Riviera changed everything. I checked into the first exquisite Old World hotel I found that overlooked the sandy beach which is about nine miles long and seems to hold all the greatest ocean water in the world. I hadn't been in my room five minutes when there was a knock on my door and Tania walked in. She lived down the hall from me and was dying to meet an American. She was tall, tan and had jet-black eyes with hair and personality to match. She invited me to her room for a cocktail. In one hour flat, she had seduced me. I didn't have to do a thing. Tania was bored and she let out all her need for excitement on me. I never did see the beach that first day. I was Tania's plaything because she was leaving the next day and had a lot of catching up to do.

Funny, I never once thought about

my heart murmur or Dr. Ferris. I had a ball. When dawn broke and I staggered back to my own room, happier than I'd been in years. I never saw Tania again because she checked out while I was asleep. But I'll never forget her. She left a note under my door. "*Bon Voyage, Georgie. You are a king among men. Love, Tania.*"

It was a great way to start a Riviera vacation. And amazingly enough it got better. I slept all day, woke and dressed in tails and tux provided by Brooks Brothers, New York, dined like Tania's king in the main dining room and took my first good look around. The room was loaded with splendid looking females. In pairs and by themselves. There were couples, of course, but in the main, gorgeous women in evening gowns had taken up positions all over the room. I had my pick, obviously. I took it. I like them tall because I'm a lanky man myself. I saw this long-legged brunette with full bosom eyeing me from the bar. I winked at her and that did it. She finished her drink and sauntered over to my table. We hit it off immediately.

Her name was Rita and she was Italian she said. She also said I ought to try Roulette. After that, we could try everything else. We did. I took her arm and she led me into the gaming rooms. Monte Carlo. I'd heard about it all my life, seen it in a million movies and here I was. Surrounded with class, mingling

among the tables, placing bets on the red and the black. Rita was a good luck piece. We won three hundred thousand francs in two hours, cashed in our chips and took off in her car. She had a long, low sports car and she drove like a racing champ. She had a villa in the hills too. I had my first look at the Riviera by moonlight. What a view. What a girl to see it with.

I spent all night at her villa. She was a Countess of some kind and there were no servants around. I had an idea there was a living Count somewhere but I didn't ask any questions. Rita was mine for the night. We drank Chianti by the barrel, swam naked in her swimming pool and dried off in her queenly bedroom upstairs. What a night.

I didn't even remember what Tania looked like the next day.

And I had more money and a beautiful playmate. I thought, Rita drove me back to the hotel, kissed me goodbye and said the Count would be back that evening. A great girl. I couldn't complain really but I was beginning to wonder if all Riviera women were one-night stands.

That day I found out. On the beach, I lay down in my trunks and enjoyed the sand, air and sun. My pale New York body browned up handsomely in no time at all. The beach was full of Bikini-clad females of superb figure. They laughed and danced on the shore like kids. Some kids. Two of them continually looked at me and laughed. Two of the sexiest women I've ever seen. They were tossing a beach ball back and forth. They were redheads with bursting breast and full hips. Tall, too. In no time at all, they made sure the candy-striped beach ball had landed in my lap. When they came over and apologized, the pick-up was complete.

That night, I had two girls with me at the gaming tables. The redheads were sisters, Bela and Toni. Sisters who shared everything. Even their men. I won another hundred thousand francs and the croupier was beginning to wish he'd never met me. So I had more dough and two girls. Bela and Toni took me to their room in the hotel. A room complete with patio and beds. And everything was all right with them. Neither of them was jealous of me. Georgie was all theirs as long as he could handle it. I didn't get much sleep that night either. I remember wondering briefly about my heart. If Doc Ferris was right, I was killing myself. But I felt great.

So the two weeks went. Fun in the sun, fun in the evening. I won heavily, lost and won again. But the trip was turning out wonderfully. I was brown as an Indian nut, putting on necessary poundage and feeling better than I had in years. I was as strong as a bull which was just as well. The Riviera was bulging with women who wanted lovers and big spenders. And I had enough of everything.

It was a redhead one morning, a blonde in the afternoon, a brunette in the evening. Countesses like Rita and high-born women. Sometimes even the maids who cleaned my

room. One of them, Clarissa, was a real beauty who liked me. Sometimes I came home late in the morning, just in time to catch her. In many ways, she was even better than all the rest. What times I had.

But the bubble burst. On my last day, I was too drunk to play properly I guess. I lost every nickel I had at roulette. Which left me just enough to pay my hotel bill and get back to the boat and home. Clarissa was sorry to see me go but we said goodbye properly on my last morning on the Riviera.

So I'd had two wonderful weeks. I still expected to drop dead any

minute but I didn't care anymore. I'd lived for two weeks. Lived with more women and good times than I'd had in all thirty-nine years put together. It was worth it. Worth dying for.

Life sure is funny. I got back to New York with about nine dollars left to my name. All the money I had in the world. But I looked like a movie star and I felt like I'd discovered the Fountain Of Youth. I knew where that was all right. Anywhere along the Riviera.

I had no job anymore, no real friends. Nobody I knew really except Dr. Ferris. I went to see him for old



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times take. He almost dropped dead when I walked into his office unannounced. I guess I looked too good to believe.

"Mr. Barnes, you amaze me. Might I examine you again?"

"Sure," I said. "But don't charge me. I'm broke."

He shook his head, motioned me to remove my shirt. He tapped around, made me run up and down, stand on one leg. Everything. He was still shaking his head when I was ready to leave his office.

"I am completely bewildered. You

have a heart that is as sound as a dollar. No trace of anything wrong at all. You look like a new man."

That was it. I left Dr. Ferris' office re-born. I'm sound all right but I've got no job and I'm as broke as a Bowery Bum. And I walk up to that Steamship window everyday and just stare at the poster.

"COME TO THE ROMANTIC RIVIERA FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE."

How can I get back there again when I haven't got a dime?

END



## SIN STREET PICK-UP

(Continued from page 21)

out enough money to show a girl a good time. Most of my girl friends were engaged or going steady so that left me pretty much to myself. I was feeling awful and blue besides because there's nothing worse than not knowing what to do with yourself in the evening. Especially when you're nineteen and pretty shapely. I was full of life I can tell you. I could feel all my passions aroused and I had no place to expend them. I felt nervous and edgy, dull and tired. Which I guess is the real reason I ever went down to West 47th Street looking for a man and some excitement.

It all started on Monday. Max, the office boy was talking to our salesman Pete Barnes about the hotspots around town. Both of them were dead for me because Max was just a skinny kid and Pete is too old for me and married besides. But what they were talking about interested me. Pete was telling Max what action he had found on West 47th St. after twelve midnight. He said the block was loaded with "stuff." "Action" and "stuff" were just the words he used and I somehow knew what he meant. Funny the effect his words had on me. My heart beat faster all day and I couldn't wait until five

o'clock. I guess I knew what I was going to do all day. It's like something that sits on you and you don't know what it is but it's there all the same.

Five o'clock came and I couldn't go home. I called my mother and told her I was staying overnight with a girl friend. Ma didn't get suspicious at all. So I was glad. I was all excited and tingly inside like I was doing something new and illegal. I felt like everybody was watching me. Pete's words hummed in my ears all night. West 47th Street—twelve o'clock—action—stuff.

I wasn't hungry but I had a long time to wait. I had to eat something. So I had a hot dog and a root beer in Nedick's on 42nd Street. I had hours to kill. So I went to one of those cheap, all-night movies. Who knows? Maybe I could meet a handsome young fellow on the town that way. I walked into the dark movie and sat down in a row by myself. Leaving the seats on either side of me empty. The show was having two John Wayne flicks but I couldn't keep my eyes on them. Everytime somebody sat down in my row I got all tense inside just waiting for the pick-up I'd heard so many girls talk about.



But it just wasn't my day. The films rolled on and old men and pimply-faced kids kept changing seats in my row. A drunken bum snored loudly just in front of me. Once, a tall Spanish looking fellow elbowed past me and sat down next to me and my hopes soared. He looked dark and handsome like Anthony Quinn but I was doomed to disappointment. He fell asleep too.

Just before the show ended, a fat middle-aged man squeezed into the seat on my other side. He didn't wait five minutes before he began shifting around in his seat. I should have guessed right then but I didn't. Pretty soon, I felt his hot, sweaty hand squeezing my knee. I must have jumped about a foot. He threw a worried glance at me and then edged over in his seat so that he was no longer touching me. I guess he was afraid I was going to call the usher and make trouble.

But I was scared and disgusted. I didn't wait to see how John Wayne made out in his war film. I hurried out of the show, feeling like everybody was watching me. I was all tingly and bubbly inside.

It was only about eight o'clock so I walked around Broadway. I can't explain it but I wanted something to happen. Anything. Anything different from my dull Bronx routine. I walked all over Times Square. I stopped in the bookstores, lost some money in the penny arcades, looked in all the jewelry and novelty store windows. Once three sailors followed me for about five blocks, they were drunk, too. And I didn't want to get into any of those "gang" things I'd heard some of the girls talking about where more than one fellow pile up on a girl and have their fun with her. No thanks. I wanted fun but not that kind.

Along about eleven o'clock, I went back to the Music Hall and hung around outside looking at the posters and stills, watching the couples walking by. I saw so many nice-looking men but they were all with girls. A taxicab driver thought I wanted a cab and drove up to me but I smiled him away and he made some dirty remark about stupid girls. I couldn't help myself. I guess I looked like I was available or "on the town" or something.

When my wrist watch said almost twelve o'clock, I walked toward W. 47th Street. I walked easily and carefully, keeping my eyes open. Suddenly, I was aware of everything. The night was dark and cool. Couples were thinning out. Not so many people at that hour. I saw a

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heavily-made up blonde in a sequined shirt running fast down 6th Avenue. I felt sure she was a prostitute. She certainly looked like one. When she turned in at West 47th Street, I felt my lungs get tight like I couldn't breathe. A police car was coming up the block, traveling slowly, and I was sure they were looking right at me.

But I'd made up my mind. I'd come to Manhattan for kicks. Come to meet a fellow. Somebody for myself alone. I was going to have a ball no matter what.

West 47th Street surprised me. I could see the fronts of cheap hotels, and brightly lit clubs of some kind. That and a handful of luncheonettes that looked like they stayed open all night. The streetwalker had gone now. I imagined she'd gone into one of the many hotels on business.

I wandered as casually as possible down the block. I'd never done anything like this before but I was ready for anything.

I could see the gleaming front of a luncheonette, hear the music pouring from the juke as I approached. I slowed my walk even more, conscious of my tight skirt, hoping I looked pretty and worth a fellow's time. Just then, a coupe came up the street toward me and stopped right in front of the luncheonette. The horn honked loud. I had a brief glance of the driver. Young, curly hair and white teeth. He was saying something. I pretended not to notice and kept on walking. But my heart was jumping in my throat.

"What's your hurry, Beautiful?" I'd heard those words in the Bronx but they sounded different on West 47th Street.

The fellow had come out of the car and was standing in front of me. I didn't look at him right off but tried to walk past him. He grabbed my arm easily and winked at me. He was tall and very good-looking. I was cooked before I knew it. My legs refused to move.

"Don't bother me," I said as icily as I supposed was right. "I don't talk to strange men without being introduced."

He laughed and kept holding me. "So I'll introduce myself. I'm Charlie Lambert. C'mon and have a cup of coffee with me."

I flung a glance into the luncheonette. There were some kids sitting in a booth and the music was still playing but nobody was looking at us. It was normal I guess. Nobody was paying any attention so I didn't feel as self-conscious as I might have.

I smiled. "Okay, Charlie. I'm Mary." He winked again and walked me inside. "Old pals already, see? Coffee coming up."

It was so exciting. So much fun. Charlie and I had two cups of coffee apiece. Everybody in the luncheonette knew him and we said hello all around. Then we had a booth to ourselves. I couldn't believe my luck. Charlie was tall, good-looking, well-dressed and had a gift of gab. He was no bum obviously. Pretty soon, we were making eyes at each other and holding hands. My heart was as full as the moon. Everything was working out just the way I had planned. What luck on my first time out! Pete at the office was right. West 47th Street was the goods all right.

Then the fun really started.

Charlie looked at me and asked me if I'd like to see his place. I know what he wanted I guess. I said yes, knowing full well what he meant. Knowing what I was getting into. But who cared? I'd been a good girl too long and like I say, I was spoiling for some fun. Charlie showed me his beautiful teeth, paid the bill and we piled into his car. I didn't know where we were going and I didn't care. The sky was full of stars.

Then the bubble burst.

Five blocks away from the luncheonette, Charlie pinched my cheek and said he had to drop something off at an uptown hotel first. He hoped I wouldn't mind. I didn't because I had a crush on him already. Anything he did was all right with me.

When I was sitting in the car outside the hotel waiting for Charlie, it all happened. Before I could understand, three cops were hustling Charlie back out of the hotel. He was trying to throw away a package he was holding but the cops were twisting his arm. I tried to get out and run but one of the big cops had grabbed my arms and was bawling me out like my father used to.

That was the end of my one night of happiness. Tomorrow I have to appear before a judge and explain why I shouldn't be charged with selling heroin in league with one Charles Lambert.

Not nice is it? Mom's still crying her eyes out and I'm pretty much bowled over myself. I can't understand how somebody as innocent as I am could have gotten mixed up in such a mess.

All because I was a lonely girl from the Bronx.

All because I let myself be picked up.

END

# 180 LOVE MINUTES

(Continued from page 28)



drinks. Confession maketh man thirsty. Old lawyer's proverb.

John told me about it:

Logan & Spencer had sent him on a business trip to L.A. to meet some buyers. The deal had taken only three days to close but John was anxious to return to home and hearth instead of dawdling around L. A. padding his expense account. So he had flown right back. He met the girl on the plane.

It was somewhere over Nebraska, he said, that he noticed her for the first time. He remembered because the cute airline hostess was telling a couple down the aisle all about Nebraska because it was her home town.

The girl was sitting just across from John. A few feet away. Sitting and reading a *Life* magazine. John caught her eye and they smiled at each other. Normally, easily, immediately attracted to each other. John doesn't go around smiling at strange girls. But this girl stirred something in him. He felt his blood rush around in his stomach.

John's description of his chance acquaintance would put a movie star to shame. Her oval face was creamy, her teeth were brilliantly white and her red lips were lush. She was about as tall as he was, well-dressed in tailored clothes, and rounded out all-over where it counts. She was a beautiful knockout, traveling alone, the seat next to her was vacant and she did look a little bored.

John paused in his story and sipped his drink nervously. I grinned to relieve his tension a bit.

"Sound like a living doll. Did she pick you up?" I said that to make him feel good but let the truth be known. John Atwood is an extremely handsome man.

His answer surprised me. "No. We didn't talk to each other at all. Fact is . . ." He stared at his drink. "I never spoke to her once on that entire flight."

"But you said . . ."

"Let me finish," he gulped, wetting his lips.

So it had gone on like that for an hour—John staring at his beautiful fellow passenger, she riffling the pages of her magazine. Maybe John was just wool-gathering, maybe he never would have said two words to her at all, maybe he was just being unfaithful mentally. Who can say? But the facts are these:

Bad weather came up like a flash and the airliner to New York developed engine trouble with the starboard motor. So the pilot set her down in Kansas City to make emergency repairs. The cute hostess brightly informed the souls on board that there would be a five-hour layover before further flight was possible. In spite of all the grumblings and complaints, everybody trudged from the plane to get some food and wait.

John lost sight of his beautiful lady. He admitted to me that he would never have begun things himself. I believe him. John is a modest man, in love with his wife, devoted to his kids. The ten-year itch had caught up with him, that's all.

Whatever it was. John found himself in a cozy diner ordering coffee. The beautiful lady walked right in behind him. John caught her reflection in the mirror. She nodded, smiled at him, hesitated for a brief instant, then sauntered over to join him.

Her beauty and sensuality hit him all at once. Her hips swayed enticingly as she walked. When she sat down, her full breasts strained at her tailored jacket. And when her ample thigh brushed John's in the narrow booth, he was already a goner.

They hit it off right away. Pretty soon, they were laughing and enjoying each other's company. Her name was Mona—she was twenty-two, intelligent and gorgeous. She sounded ideal to me. I could see where a happily married man could stray now and then if the girl was like Mona.

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a woman could be. It was some night. A full, sweeping, no-holds barred experience. Lord, I love my wife but I was never with anyone like Mona."

Now I smiled naturally. "Made a man of you, eh?"

He shook his head.

"It was like she'd been locked up somewhere. On a desert island, maybe, without a man for years. She just overwhelmed me. I'm telling you..." He stared at me hard. "We made love for one hundred and eighty minutes!"

It was my turn to smile weakly. "Anytime you want me to take her off your hands..."

He bit his lip, ruefully.

"That's just it. On the way back to the plane, I had to know where I could find her in New York. I wasn't thinking of my wife or the kids. I was all wrapped up with Mona. I felt guilty, of course, but I was wild about her. Wild about her looks, her warmth. Wild about the way she made love. She wasn't cheap. She was wonderful."

"Of course," I said. "So what happened?"

John Atwood sobered up. His tired eyes clouded. He looked helpless.

"We'd just reached the fence that separates the people from the field and I was begging her for her phone number or some address where I could reach her when she turned and looked at me. I'll never forget how she looked just then. Beautiful and still flushed from what had happened between us in the hotel room. She kissed me quick-like because the other passengers were coming along fast. You know what she said? 'This is goodbye, John. Don't talk to me as if we shared anything ever. It's over. Don't talk to me on the plane. We'll never see each other again.' I'm quoting her exact words."

I made a face. "That's all she said?"

John sighed. "Just one thing more. She finished up with..." "Tomorrow in New York, I'm getting married."

With that, Mona had returned to the plane, taken her seat and that was that. She never exchanged so much as a word with John for the rest of the flight.

I finished my drink.

"Great experience, John. Something for your scrapbook anyway." John Atwood's mouth set in a grim expression.

"Is it? It just makes a married man wonder..."

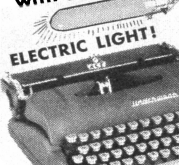
I suddenly thought of my own dear Alice and shuddered. The end had gone cold.

END

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Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and specify right or left side or double.

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## AFTER-HOURS



(Continued from page 33)

After-Hour Clubs cater to a select clientele. A clientele that is either famous or just plain loaded with the coin of the realm. You need big money to enjoy the advantages of an After-Hours Club that is strictly illegal. Because only big money can buy the sort of wild pleasures that can be bought in such upholstered dives.

It works something like this: Somebody (usually a top underworld boss) converts one of those fancy looking mansions on Fifth Avenue into a private club. There's no sign on the door, no advertising, no visible doorman. To the world at large, the palatial pile of bricks on the Avenue is some millionaire's home or the winter retreat of some fabulously wealthy family that no one ever really sees or even knows of. The place looks deserted and not-in-use and if you do see a light shining in some window now and then, there is obviously an old caretaker of some kind who takes care of the building. Truth is — there is somebody on duty at all times to chase away any chance callers or salesmen or policemen who might investigate. If an honest cop wanders by on his beat and asks questions, the old caretaker can send him along with a querulous: "Yah—the Van Dykes are in Switzerland for the skiing you know. Back sometime this Fall." When things get too close and suspicious and the fancy limousines and cabs are dropping off tuxedoed guests and gorgeous girls at all hours of the morning, then something has to be done about the cop. By that time, it usually has been done. Everybody gets paid off to see that the members of an After-Hours Club are not disturbed during their hell-raising.

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have a key so you can get inside in a hurry without saying "Joe sent me" to the burly guard on the door. The key probably cost you anywhere from one thousand to five thousand dollars to belong. It's the best way really to operate. This sort of After-Hours Club may have something like a mere 50 members. So it's small and select and careful. The members have been properly screened in advance as the sort of people who can afford the club, will not wretch on their bills and are as much interested in privacy, hush-hush and no scandal as the proprietors of the place who operate on a strictly profit basis.

doesn't want to work behind a desk and carry on in father's business shoes. He hates oil but he loves money and all the lovely women it can buy. He has to stay out of places like the Stork, Le Cupidon and El Morocco because he'd only make scandalous headlines and Poppa would cut him off without a sou. An After-Hours Club is a godsend for a wealthy Junior like this one.

There might be a famous male movie star in from the Coast for personal appearances. In Hollywood, he lives a model life because he's big box office, happily married and has three fine kids. But he wants to jump the traces now and then and



Once inside the Club, the sky is the limit. Whether you brought your own girl or not. Whether you are romancing another man's wife or not. All forms of pleasures can be had. There are gambling rooms, drinking rooms and private rooms where a couple can ball it up, without being disturbed. You can better understand the functions of an After-Hours Club if you get a clearer picture of the sort of people who have keys.

There is somebody like an oil magnate's son who wants to carouse and booze and wench like a maniac. He

whoop it up in private without nosy newshounds recording his every move. So he has an old-fashioned whing-ding with a girl provided by the Club. Maybe he brings his own—a pick-up or some new flame he has found in New York. Either way, he can have a ball and feel no pain except the dent in his pocketbook. The same applies to a movie glamor queen who wants to ball it up with a handsome muscleman for the identical reasons.

The Club will also attract rich old dowagers who tire of tea parties and social functions and behaving pro-

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perly. They buy a key and cavort like outrageous young bawds instead of the prim, painfully proper society matrons they really are.

Beautiful and ugly young debbs will be drawn to such a Club like magnets. Just because they want to raise hell, whoop around and generally have kicks. It's illegal, therefore exciting. It's immoral, therefore it has to be fun.

A star in a long running Broadway hit, tired of the same role night after night, will come to the Club in the wee small hours and let his hair down as far as it can go. Either gambling, drinking, wenching or just plain howling it up. Famous people who have to live more than one life are notorious joiners of After-Hours Clubs.

With some people, it's gambling. Cards and the turn of the wheel can be a drug. Roulette, poker-throw, blackjack and old fashioned draw poker will make fortune change hands overnight. One of the leading matinee idols of the screen wrote an I.O.U. for three hundred thousand dollars to the rackets head of one of these clubs. The star sweated plenty until he was able to pay off.

You just have to be able to afford the key and the yearly dues to enjoy

an After-Hours Club. You just have to want to belong. The rest takes care of itself.

The fear of being raided is considerably diminished by the fact that the club is protected. Somebody is paying off the right people. There is no real danger of discovery, scandal or exposure. There are enough armed gangsters and bouncers on hand to fill Cell Block 11. Troublemakers are immediately taken care of and dropped out of the Club. The police will make a token raid now and then just to keep somebody happy down at Headquarters but everyone is well prepared in advance and no big names are ever hauled into the police net. Stoges take the rap, fines are paid and that's it.

Some of the clubs even go in for masks if that's what the customers want. A black domino will easily hide the identity of a famous face. Also, the use of masks makes the Club more exciting. Like some game of fun.

But they don't play games at After-Hours Clubs. It's raw, uninhibited, back-to-nature sinning with no time for Emily Post and the usual social overtures. The guests come for hell-raising and they get right down to business as soon as they show up.



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Whatever is illegal or something  
 that wouldn't go on in the family  
 party is permitted. The Club will  
 provide girls like strippers, top  
 drawer call girls and any curvily-  
 stacked female who wants to make  
 money. Cheesecake models and ex-  
 citing girl entertainers juice up the  
 parties keeping them hopping and  
 wildly entertaining. One stripper  
 who features a twenty foot snake in  
 her act is the sort of thing that mem-  
 bers will go for.

Floor shows are not required but  
 some After-Hours Clubs will pro-  
 vide them. Women of every dimen-  
 sion, race and color will be on hand  
 to stimulate and excite the viewers.  
 The champagne and whiskey will  
 flow like water because sex and al-  
 cohol are sisters. So the patrons get  
 happier, wilder and drunker accord-  
 ing to their own personal tastes. And  
 all the while the palatial mansion on  
 Fifth Avenue will look quietly out  
 on the world of Manhattan. The  
 rooms are soundproofed, the win-  
 dows are closed off with heavy  
 drapes and the lighting is low and  
 suggestively colored.

And the after-hours fun and  
 whoopee goes on and on until day-  
 light dawns and there's nothing left  
 to do but sleep.

If a roster of names listing some  
 of the people who belong to such  
 clubs were printed in tomorrow's  
 papers, the world would be stunned  
 and unbelieving. Movie stars, Broad-  
 way greats, Wall Street tycoons, in-  
 dustry's magnates and other world-  
 renowned ladies and gentlemen all  
 form the main body of membership  
 in the average After-Hours Clubs.  
 It's a sad truth but the bulk of pa-  
 tronage is made up exactly of such  
 people. They're the only class of peo-  
 ple who can really afford the prices.

So the Police Department makes  
 raids and closes one up every now  
 and then. Arrests are made. But as  
 soon as a club is padlocked, another  
 one mushrooms overnight in an even  
 more unlikely place.

Sinners love After-Hours Clubs.  
 They need them to fly around in,  
 raise expensive hell and make them-  
 selves at home. And the more famo-  
 us the Sinner, the hotter and richer  
 the Club. With no ceiling on all  
 pleasures.

Don't be kidded. After-Hours  
 Clubs are all over New York. Still  
 thriving, still doing a land office  
 business. You just have to know the  
 right people, have the right money  
 and keep your mouth shut.

You also have to have the right  
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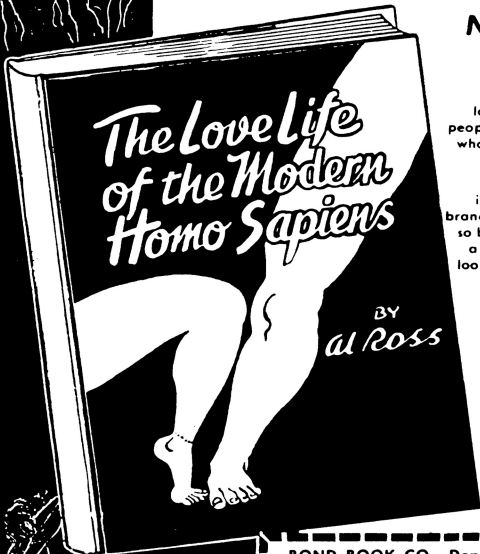
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